MARVEL

3

PAKNADEL
BAZALDUA
CURIEL

RED GOBLIN

Lee InHyuk

NORMIE OSBORN is the son of Harry Osborn and Liz Allan and the grandson of Norman Osborn, A.K.A. the Green Goblin--the former archnemesis of **SPIDER-MAN**. The Osborn family's entanglement with the wall-crawler recently cost Harry his life and Normie his father.

As if Normie's life weren't complicated enough, he's also caring for a fledgling symbiote called **RASCAL**. Although Normie is wary of bonding with the bloodthirsty Rascal, the two are becoming increasingly attached as Normie uses Rascal's abilities to engage in super-heroics.

Meanwhile, beneath the city streets, the **GOBLIN NATION** is on the rise, led by **PHIL URICH**, A.K.A. the **GOBLIN KING**, who's back from the dead and seeking revenge against the person who killed him: Norman Osborn. The Goblin King kidnapped Norman and used his blood to reverse-engineer a Goblin Formula for him and his followers. Normie and Rascal embarked on a mission to save Norman, and now a souped-up Goblin Nation army stands between them and the exit. To get out alive, Normie might have to unleash the full power of the terrifying...

RED GOBLIN

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TWO YEARS AGO.

'SCUSE ME, EVERYBODY. 'SCUSE ME.

IF I COULD JUST TAKE A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME, I'D SURE APPRECIATE IT.

MY NAME IS JACOB, I'M 54 YEARS OLD AND I'M FROM PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.

AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE HAD A RUN OF BAD LUCK, AND I'D REALLY APPRECIATE IT IF YOU COULD SPARE A DOLLAR OR TWO TO HELP ME OUT.

SIR?

I HAVE NOTHING FOR YOU.

STOP LOOKING AT YOUR PHONE. YOU'RE AN ***OSBORN--*** ***CARRY YOURSELF*** LIKE ONE.

...

YOU HAVE ***MONEY,*** POP-POP.

THAT I ***EARNED.***

BUT THAT MAN ONLY HAS ***ONE SHOE.***

YOU ASKED ME EARLIER WHY WE WEREN'T TAKING THE ***LIMO.***

THIS IS WHY.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

I WANTED YOU TO SEE THE FACES OF YOUR ENEMIES.

A TERRIBLE BUT ***NECESSARY*** WORLD WILL SOON BE UPON US, NORMIE--ONE THAT WILL DIVIDE PEOPLE INTO TWO FACTIONS: THOSE WITH ***ONE*** SHOE AND THOSE, LIKE US, WITH ***THREE.***

"WHENEVER THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE, THE FIRST FACTION HAS LOOKED TO ***US*** TO SURRENDER OUR THIRD SHOES IN THE NAME OF SOME LOFTY ABSTRACTION OR OTHER...

"JUSTICE, EQUITY, AND SO ON."

"WHAT HAPPENED?"

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

THEY CAME FOR ***ALL THREE SHOES.***

THE DISTANCE FROM THE PENTHOUSE TO THE GUTTER IS A ***SINGLE*** MISSTEP, SON. JUST ONE.

THAT'S WHY YOU CAN'T SHOW ***ANY*** WEAKNESS...

"...BECAUSE THE MOMENT YOU DO, THEY'LL DRAG YOU DOWN WITH THEM."

WE'RE ALL FAMILY DOWN HERE.

ME? I'M THE SYMBIOTE-RIDDLED GRANDSON OF THE GREEN GOBLIN HIMSELF, NORMAN OSBORN.

AND THE GUYS REMODELING THIS STINKY TUNNEL WITH MY *FACE?* THEY'RE THE SAD REMNANTS OF THE GOBLIN NATION, POP-POP'S *PRIVATE ARMY* FROM BACK IN THE DAY.

(OH, AND THEY'RE HOPPED UP ON BOOTLEG GOBLIN FORMULA--SO *THAT'S* FUN.)

WH-WHAT IS...?

AS FOR POP-POP, HIS BLOOD'S THE *SOURCE* OF SAID GOBLIN FORMULA, WHICH MEANS IF HE DOESN'T GET AT LEAST A QUART OF O NEGATIVE IN THE NEXT HALF HOUR, THEN HE'S GONNA DIE.

THAT SAID, THERE'S STILL A NONZERO CHANCE HE'LL OUTLIVE *ME*...

UKK!

...SO IT'S NOT *ALL* BAD NEWS.

GET OVER HERE!

UGGH!

NOT SO TOUGH DOWN HERE, *HUH?!*

YOU'RE IN *OUR* HOUSE NOW!

KRAKOOM!

NORRMIIEE... LET MEE HELP.

N-NO. I'VE GOT THIS.

WHO AM I TRYING TO CONVINCE, RASCAL OR MYSELF?

I'M GOING TO DIE HERE AT THE HANDS OF GOBLINS...

YOU GOT THIS, HUH?!

NO. AT THE HANDS OF OSBORNS.

POP-POP STARTED A REVOLUTION WHEN THAT FORMULA ENTERED HIS BLOODSTREAM.

I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU GOT!

STOP. ALL OF YOU, PLEASE!

IT'S ME YOU WANT!

AND EVERYONE KNOWS REVOLUTIONS DEVOUR THEIR OWN.

THEY WON'T HEAR YOU, NORMAN.

YOU ABANDONED THEM DOWN HERE IN THE DARK.

I DIDN'T, EVEN IN DEATH.

SSSSKRRRIKKKKK!

YOU'RE A *HYPOCRITE*, NORMAN.

YOU TAUGHT US TO LAUGH AT LEGACY... DECORUM...ALL THOSE *LAWS* WRITTEN IN SAND.

BUT THERE WAS ALWAYS A PLACE FOR YOU AT THE HEARTH, WASN'T THERE?

GKK!

YOU COULD GO BACK TO YOUR PENTHOUSE WHENEVER YOU DAMN WELL PLEASED.

WELL, NOT THIS TIME, NORMAN.

FIRST, WE'RE GOING TO END YOUR *RED ASSASSIN*...

"...AND THEN WE'RE GOING TO END *YOU*."

NO, THIS IS... THIS CAN'T BE *RIGHT.*

I'M IN A SEWER. THEY'RE...

...THEY'RE TEARING ME APART.

NNNOORRRMMMIIEEE...

WH-- *RASCAL?!*

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STAY OUT OF MY MEMORIES.

THEY ARRRE WARMMM.

RASCAL, WE CAN'T BE HERE. I HAVE TO *FIGHT.*

NNNO FFFIGHT...

LET MMEEE, NNORMMMIEEE...

NO. NO, I HAVE TO STAY IN CONTROL.

DON'T YOU *GET* IT? YOU'RE A *MONSTER.*

NNOTT MMMONSTERRR!

RRRRASCAL LEARRNINNG...

YOOOU DECIIIIDE WWWHAT RRRRASCAL ISSS, NNORMMIIEE.

...

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE A *GOBLIN.* THAT'S THE SHAPE *I* CHOSE, NOT YOU.

OKAY. OKAY, LET'S DO THIS. BUT NO *BONDING,* OKAY? WE DO THIS AND WE'RE DONE.

DONNN'T BEE AFFRRAIID...

"RRRASCAL FIIIX."

I THINK YOU'VE SEEN ENOUGH NOW, NORMAN.

TIME TO PUT OUT THE LIGHTS.

HEY, THIS STUFF PUTS UP A HECK OF A FIGHT...

WHOA! YOU SEE THAT?!

I HAD A FERRET USED TO FREAK OUT LIKE THIS WHEN I WAS A KID.

UH...CAN SOMEBODY HELP ME GET THIS THING OFF 'A ME?

NNN! LIKE, NOW?!

KRAK

AAARGGHH!

AND TO THINK...

AARGHH!

KAK!

POP!

KRK-KRK!

SNKK!

SKLCH!

NYARRGGHH!

...I WAS AFRAID I'D *LOSE* MYSELF IN THIS MONSTER.

I'VE NEVER FELT MORE *FOUND.*

YES. YES, I KNEW IT.

I KNEW THE *DEMON* WOULD REVEAL ITS TRUE NATURE.

AS I TURN MY SKIN INTO A BLIZZARD OF RAZORS, I FINALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT RASCAL-- *MY* RASCAL--IS.

BOOOOOOOM!!!

IT'S A GENIE FROM A BOTTLE.

SEE, A SYMBIOTE CAN'T CHANGE WHO YOU *ARE.* NOT REALLY.

IT JUST DIALS UP EVERYTHING THAT MAKES YOU *YOU.*

RASCAL ISN'T THE MONSTER HERE...

SWIKK!

SWIKK!

SWIKK!

...I AM.

A GOOD PARASITE ALWAYS GRANTS ITS HOST'S *FONDEST WISH.*

WHU... WHAT JUST...?

NAAAAAAAA!

AND MINE, APPARENTLY...

+HSSSSS...+

...IS TO BE A *MONSTER.*

I WONDER HOW LONG IT'LL BE BEFORE THEY LET US JOIN *THE AVENGERS.*

OH, AND WE'LL DEFINITELY NEED A NAME--BUT WE'LL LET THE STREETS DECIDE. THIS *IS* NEW YORK, AFTER ALL.

OH MY. MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER.

THIS OLD MAN'S CREEPY, AND HE SMELLS BAD, SO WE MAKE HIM STOP TALKING.

UKK! GLK!

ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE IT'D BE BETTER IF HE JUST STOPPED BREATHING.

STOP! STOP LISTENING TO THE SUIT!

HNN?

YOU'RE *KILLING* THEM.

OH GOD. WHAT AM I DOING?

WE... I...HAVE TO GO.

NO. WAIT. COME BACK.

NEED AIR.

NEED MOM.

NEED OUT!

GET BACK HERE!

CRASH!

Nnn!

SIR... MISTER OSBORN... PLEASE STAY WITH ME!

JUST HOLD ON!

PRINCIPAL SIMAK, DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

OF COURSE, MRS. OSBORN. YOUR FAMILY'S DONATIONS TO CHILVERS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN DEEPLY APPRECIATED.

THAT'S MY LATE HUSBAND'S FAMILY, NOT MINE.

I AM THE C.E.O. OF A FORTUNE 500 BIOTECH COMPANY WITH ETHICAL BOUNDARIES SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF GENGHIS KHAN'S.

AND DO YOU KNOW WHY OUR CRIMES DON'T MAKE THE FRONT PAGE OF THE *NEW YORK TIMES*...*EVER?*

KRRRIKKK

N-NO.

LAWYERS, PRINCIPAL SIMAK. TERRIBLE, FRIGHTENING LAWYERS WHO ONLY MEET YOU AT CROSSROADS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

I'VE WITNESSED THEM ***DISMANTLING*** LITIGANTS SO COMPLETELY--SO ***REPULSIVELY***--THAT I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO LOOK THEM IN THE EYE AFTERWARD.

OUR LAWYERS ***FRIGHTEN*** ME, PRINCIPAL SIMAK...

...BUT I WILL UNLEASH THEM ON THIS SCHOOL AND ON YOU ***PERSONALLY*** IF YOU DON'T LOCATE MY SON.

MRS. OSBORN, AS I TRIED TO EXPLAIN, THERE WAS AN INCIDENT WITH ONE OF OUR BOARDERS-- ***TIMOTHY ANDERS.***

YOU SHOULD REALLY BE TALKING TO--

A ***CHILD?!*** NO. NORMIE WAS UNDER ***YOUR*** CARE!

O-OF COURSE. AND AS PRINCIPAL, I TAKE FULL RESPONS--

FOR NOW.

MMM?

BZZZZZ

BZZZZ

HOSPITAL NY

CALL

AS PRINCIPAL ***FOR NOW.***

WOULD YOU EXCUSE ME?

HELLO?

I SEE! AND...HE'S STABLE?

THAT'S EXCELLENT! CAN I JUST ASK ONE MORE THING...

"...WAS ANYONE BROUGHT IN WITH HIM? A BOY, PERHAPS?"

LOOK AT THAT HEART. POUNDING LIKE A JACKHAMMER.

WHY DO ONLY CATS AND BAD GUYS HAVE NINE LIVES?

HE'S A GOOD GUY NOW, I HEARD.

SURE. AND I'M DOCTOR STRANGE.

WE HAVE NO IDEA WHO BROUGHT HIM IN?

"OH, HE MUMBLED SOMETHING ABOUT HIS *CHILDREN* ON THE TABLE. NOTHING COHERENT.

+ Emergency

"YOU WORK IN A HOSPITAL IN LOWER MANHATTAN, CHANCES ARE YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO CUT ONE OF THESE GUYS OPEN AT SOME POINT.

"I'VE FOUND IT'S BEST NOT TO ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS."

NORMIIEEEEE?

DON'T TALK TO ME.

DON'T TALK TO ME EVER AGAIN.

F.D.N.Y.

AMBULANCE

RRRROWR

AAARGGH!

HEY, HEY! DON'T BE SCARED OF OLD TREVOR HERE!

I... I DON'T... IS HE...?

HE'S ALL BARK AND NO BITE, SWEETIE.

WELL... *MOSTLY.*

PUT IT THIS WAY-- THE ONLY WAY HE COMES AT YOU IS IF YOU COME AT *ME,* GOT IT?

SAY, YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE A BLACK WORK BOOT IN A *NINE* ON YOU, WOULDJA?

UH... NO. SORRY.

OOF! WORTH A SHOT.

YOU KNOW, A VICIOUS ANIMAL IS JUST AN ANIMAL THAT'S *SEEN VICIOUSNESS.*

THEY'RE MADE OF THE *SOFTEST* CLAY.

I *HATE* IT WHEN PEOPLE TALK ABOUT *BAD DOGS.* REALLY *SALTS MY APPLES.*

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A *BAD DOG...*

...ONLY BAD OWNERS.

SNFF!

HERE. LET ME TAKE A LOOK.

TSS! IT HURTS!

OF COURSE IT HURTS.

WE WERE OUTMATCHED. HOPELESSLY.

WASN'T IT BEAUTIFUL, CANDRA?

WITH POWER LIKE THAT, WE COULD--

WE HAVE POWER, MR. URICH. WE CAN DO STUFF NOW...MAKE SOME MOVES.

TIMOTHY ANDERS

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT.

STILL...

"...I'VE FOUND YOU CAN NEVER HAVE TOO MUCH *POWER*."

TO BE CONTINUED!

RED GOBLIN

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ZONE